

DELL

JULY-SEPT.

10¢

BUCK JONES





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LONGHORN



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The lean and leggy Langhorn tell an incredible imptin upon the pages of pioneer history. Evolution of the animal began with the settling of the Southwest. When the settlers' wagon trains began rolling into these vast plains, they brought along small bunches of eastern cattle, mostly Short-

New Mexico that by 1835 there were six Longhorns for every person in Texas alone.

Top pile for a prime steer was four dollars. Rawhide was used for every purpose as lariats, saddles, elahing, and even for furniture.

The average Langham weighed between 800 and 1000 pounds, though an good feed, his weight sometimes exceeded a ton. Light or heavy, he was good for two or three decades.

In fact, the full spread of horns was not achieved until "mid-age"—twelve to fifteen years. The horn spread of the average steer was six feet, though horns measuring nine feet, from tip to tip, have been recorded.

As time passed, the Langham grew so wild, mean-tempered, and dangerous that finally no Texan with "Langham savvy" would leave his horse's back in the vicinity of a "red-eyed" steer.

(Continued on inside back cover)



horns. Before long, these domesticated breeds were mixing and crossing with the fierce Andalusian cattle imported earlier by the Spanish dons. From these chance crossings, there was born a fixed breed—the Texas Longhorn, soon to become animals of fabulous legend.

Though meat from the lean flanks of the steers provided the main diet of the pioneer settlers—Longhorn steak was eaten three times a day—these animals multiplied so fast in the vast geography that is Texas and



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BUCK JONES

The
LONE WOLF
DEPUTY

WHAT LUCK! IT'S THAT
BLASTED SHERIFF! WELL,
HE'LL NEVER KNOW
WHAT HIT 'IM!



NEARBY... WELL, SILVER-B, THERE'S THE
OLD, DESERTED LINE CABIN
WHERE MY FRIEND, JUD CONRADY
WROTE ME TO MEET HIM!



WHAT TH...? TWO
SHOTS...A RIFLE
AND A SIX-
SHOOTER?

BLAM!

BOOM!



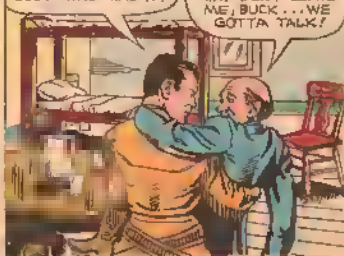
JUD! JUD,
WHAT
HAPPENED?

BUCK JONES! YOU
...YOU'RE TOO LATE!
SOME POLEGAT
PLUGGED ME...
THROUGH AN OPEN
WINDOW...



I'LL GET THE LOW-
DOWN DRYGULCHER,
JUD! WHO WAS IT?

I DUNNO, BUT I
THINK I CREASED
'IM! DON'T LEAVE
ME, BUCK...WE
GOTTA TALK!



LISTEN CLOSE,
BUCK...GHOST
NORTON WAS
PAROLED....

GHOST NORTON:
YOU MEAN THE
OUTLAW I
HELPED YOU
SEND UP TEN
YEARS AGO
DID HE DO
THIS

IDUNNO, BUT HE SWORE
HE'D GET ME SOMEDAY!
THAT'S WHY I SENT
FOR YOU, BUCK! I
NEEDED A DEPUTY
WITH TWO FAST
GUNS...I...

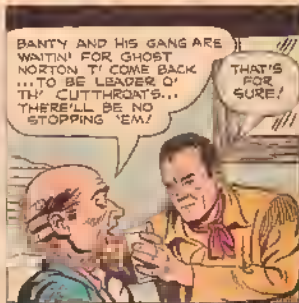
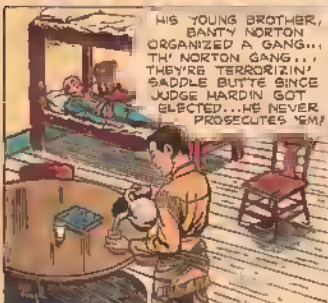
TAKE IT
EASY, JUD!



HIS YOUNG BROTHER,
BANTY NORTON,
ORGANIZED A GANG...
TH' NORTON GANG...
THEY'RE TERRORIZIN'
SADDLE BUTTE SINCE
JUDGE HARDIN GOT
ELECTED...HE NEVER
PROSECUTES 'EM!

BANTY AND HIS GANG ARE
WAITIN' FOR GHOST
NORTON T' COME BACK
...TO BE LEADER O'
TH' CUTTHROAT'S...
THERE'LL BE NO
STOPPING 'EM!

THAT'S
FOR
SURE!

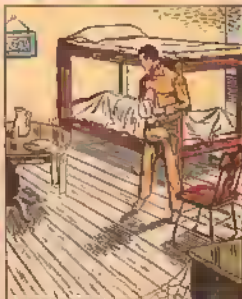
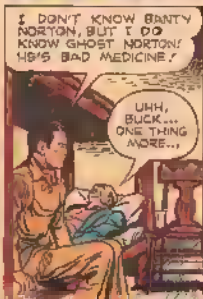


I DON'T KNOW BANTY
NORTON, BUT I DO
KNOW GHOST NORTON!
HE'S BAD MEDICINE!

TAKE CARE
O' MY KID...
BILLIE...CHIP
OFFIN' TH'
OLD BLOCK!

I PROMISE,
JUD.

UHH,
BUCK...
ONE THING
MORE...



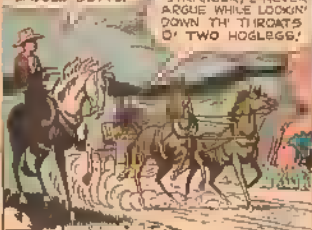
SILVER: I'VE A HUNCH JUD WAS
KILLED BY GHOST NORTON.
HE'S THE KIND WHO'D
CARRY A GRUDGE
AGAINST JUD...AND
ME! HEY, WHO'S THIS?



GIDDAP, YOU JUGHEADS!
LOOKS LIKE A BLASTED
ROAD AGENT DOWN
YONDER...AN' I DON'T
AIM TO DILLYDALLY!



PULL UP, OLD-TIMER,
UNLESS YOU'RE
HANKERIN' TO
RACE ME TO
SADDLE BUTTE!



WHOA! OKAY,
STRANGER, I NEVER
ARGUE WHILE LOCKIN'
DOWN TH' THROATS
O' TWO HOGLEGS!

WHAT'S THE BIG
HURRY, POP? I
ONLY WANTED
TO PALAVER!



THEN I RECKON
YOU AIN'T ONE
O' THEM NORTON
GUNMEN BENT
ON DRY-GULCHIN'
ME! GLORY BE!

I'M STOVEUP PETE! I KINDA
RILED TH' NORTON GANG
YESTIDDY BY GIVIN' 'EM
TH' SLIP AN' DELIVERIN' TH'
WEEKLY PAYROLL TO
TH' MINES UP IN TH' HILLS!



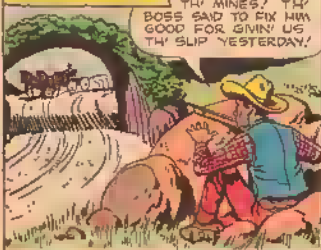
GOOD FOR YOU!
BUT I WANT YOU TO
DO ME A FAVOR
WHILE I'M TRAILIN'
THE HOMBRE WHO
KILLED THE SHERIFF
OF SADDLE BUTTE!



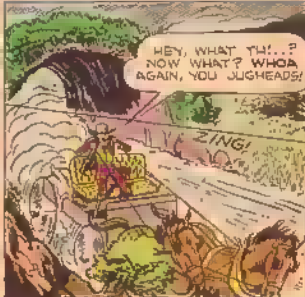
OLD JUD CONRADY?
YOU MEAN HE'S
DEAD?

AT BARREL ROCK
PASS A FEW
MINUTES LATER...

HA! HERE COMES
THAT PEG-LEGGED
SKUNK DOWN FROM
TH' MINES! THY
BOSS SAID TO FIX HIM
GOOD FOR GIVIN' US
TH' SLIP YESTERDAY!



HEY, WHAT TH?...?
NOW WHAT? WHOA
AGAIN, YOU JUGHEADS!

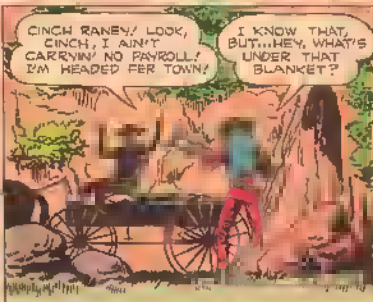


SO I MISSED
YOU, EH, STOVEUP?
WELL, I NEVER
MISS TWICE!

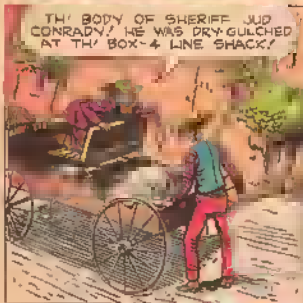


CINCH RANEY! LOOK,
CINCH, I AIN'T
CARRYIN' NO PAYROLL!
I'M HEADED FER TOWN!

I KNOW THAT,
BUT...HEY, WHAT'S
UNDER THAT
BLANKET?

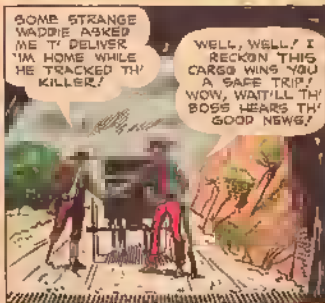


TH' BODY OF SHERIFF JUD
CONRADY! HE WAS DRY-GULCHED
AT TH' BOX-4 LINE SHACK!



SOME STRANGE
WADDIE ASKED
ME T' DELIVER
'IM HOME WHILE
HE TRACKED TH'
KILLER!

WELL, WELL! I
RECKON THIS
CARGO WINS YOU
A SAFE TRIP!
WOW, WAIT'LL TH'
BOSS HEARS TH'
GOOD NEWS!



THE NEXT DAY...



IT MUSTA BEEN MY BROTHER, GHOST, WHO PLUGGED TH' SHERIFF! BUT WHY DON'T HE SHOW UP HERE? WE GOT WORK TO DO!

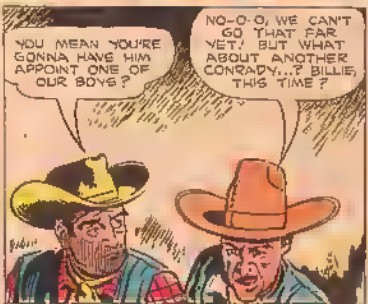
NOW WHO'S GONNA BE TH' NEW SHERIFF, BANTY?



TH' NEW SHERIFF? HMM, LEMME SEE... HA, I KNOW JUST TH' ONE! HAW, HAW, THIS'LL KILL YA!

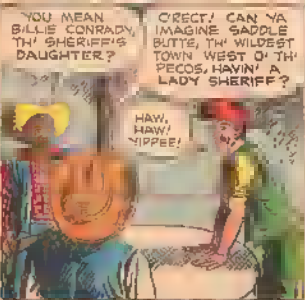


I'LL TELL "JUDGE" HARDIN TO APPOINT A SHERIFF WHO CAN'T CAUSE US ANY TROUBLE!



YOU MEAN YOU'RE GONNA HAVE HIM APPOINT ONE OF OUR BOYS?

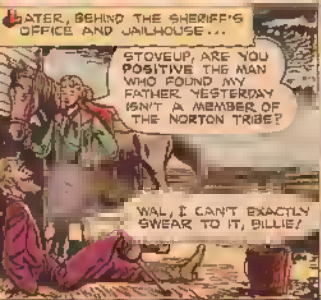
NO-O-O, WE CAN'T GO THAT FAR YET! BUT WHAT ABOUT ANOTHER CONRADY...? BILLIE, THIS TIME?



YOU MEAN BILLIE CONRADY, TH' SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER?

O'RECT! CAN YA IMAGINE SADDLE BUTTE, TH' WILDEST TOWN WEST O' TH' PECOS, HAVIN' A LADY SHERIFF?

HAW, HAW! YIPPEE!



LATER, BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND JAILHOUSE...

STOVEUP, ARE YOU POSITIVE THE MAN WHO FOUND MY FATHER YESTERDAY ISN'T A MEMBER OF THE NORTON TRIBE?

WAL, I CAN'T EXACTLY SWEAR TO IT, BILLIE!

YOU SEE, T' STRANGER
DIDN'T INTRODUCE HISSSELF/
HIS TWO COLTS WAS HIS
CALLIN' CARDS!

I'VE GOT TO
FIND THAT MAN! I
MUST KNOW MORE
ABOUT DAD'S
KILLING!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
HERE,
JUDGE
HARDIN?

AH, MY DEAR... SOME
OF THE RESPONSIBLE
CITIZENS WOULD LIKE
TO SHOW THEIR
APPRECIATION OF
YOUR FATHER'S
FINE WORK IN
THE COMMUNITY,
AH...

INDEED?

AH, YES, THEY'D LIKE
YOU TO ACCEPT THE
POST OF HONORARY
SHERIFF UNTIL YOUR
FATHER'S TERM
EXPIRES, AH...!

REALLY? I'M DEEPLY TOUCHED
...BUT WHY NOT SWEAR ME
IN AS THE OFFICIAL
LAW OFFICER
OF THIS TOWN?

AH, WHY NOT
INDEED? SADDLE
BUTTS WILL BE
PROUD OF ITS
FIRST LADY
SHERIFF!

VERY WELL, JUDGE,
SWEAR ME IN!
HERE'S MY
FATHER'S
BADGE!

ARE YOU
PLUMB LOCO,
BILLIE? YOU
...A SHERIFF?

THERE'VE BEEN OTHER
LADY SHERIFFS
IN THE WEST,
STOVEBUP!

HUH, NOT
THAT LIVED LONG
ENOUGH T' BRAG
ABOUT IT, YOU
CRAZY FILLY!

TH' JUDGE SURE IS
TAKIN' HIS SWEET
TIME! WONDER IF
TH' GAL'S GONNA
TAKE TH' JOB?

AW, TH' JUDGE'S
A SLICK CUSTOMER,
BANTY!

SHERIFF'S
OFFICE

WELL, GOOD
DAY, AH,
SHERIFF!

TH' NORTON GANG'LL
TEAR THIS TOWN
APART, NOW THAT
YOU'RE SHERIFF,
BILLIE! AN' YOU
JEST SIGNED YOUR
DEATH WARRANT!

I'M NO FOOL, STOVEUP!
I'M GOING TO SEND
FOR A VERY GOOD
FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S
WHO IS NOW IN
WYOMING! I'LL MAKE
HIM MY DEPUTY!

YOU MEAN
BUCK JONES?

OF COURSE! I
DON'T REMEMBER
WHAT HE LOOKS
LIKE, BUT I'VE
HEARD DAD SAY
BUCK'S THE
GREATEST
FIGHTER ALONG
POWDER RIVER!

MEANTIME, YOU TAKE
NEXT WEEK'S PAYROLL
TO THE MINES THIS
AFTERNOON!

GOOD IDEA! TH'
NORTON GANG'LL
NEVER EXPECT
ANOTHER DELIVERY
SO SOON!

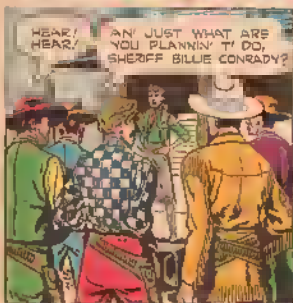
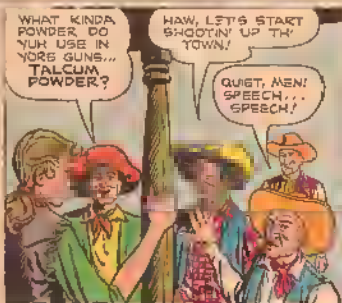
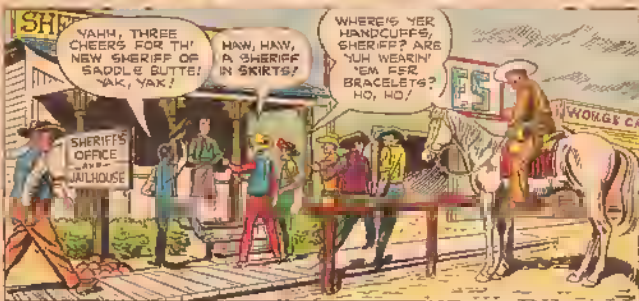
NOW, SLIP OUT THE
BACK WAY AND TELL
THE BANK CASHIER
TO HAVE THE
PAYROLL READY!..
UH, WHAT'S THAT?


UH-OH, TH'
NORTON
HOOTERS!
TROUBLE'S
BREWIN'
ALREADY!

SO THIS IS SADDLE
BUTTE! HAM, WONDER
WHAT'S CAUSING ALL
THE EXCITEMENT
AROUND THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE?

WE WANT TH' SHERIFF...
WE WANT TH' SHERIFF...

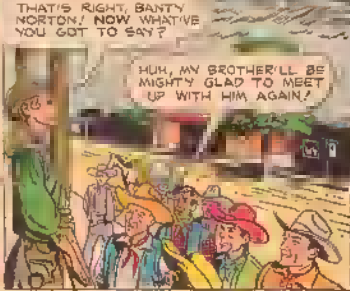
SHAVE
10¢





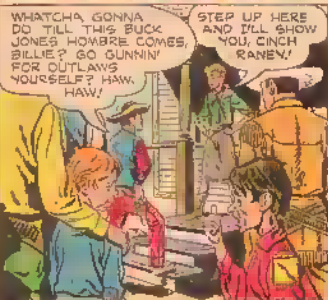
I'M SENDING
FOR BUCK
JONES, THAT'S
WHO!

BUCK JONES?
TH' COYOTE WHO
HELPED YOUR
OLD MAN SEND
MY BROTHER
TO PRISON?




THAT'S RIGHT, BANTY
NORTON! NOW WHAT'VE
YOU GOT TO SAY?

HUH, MY BROTHER'LL BE
MIGHTY GLAD TO MEET
UP WITH HIM AGAIN!




WHATCHA GONNA
DO TILL THIS BUCK
JONES HOMBRE COMES,
BILLIE? GO GUNNIN'
FOR OUTLAWS
YOURSELF? HAW.
HAW!

STEP UP HERE
AND I'LL SHOW
YOU, CINCH
RANEY!




HEY BOYS
MAYBE SHE'S
GONNA MAKE
ME HER
DEPUTY

MAYBE SHE
WANTS T'
MARRY
YUH?
WHOOPEE!



I'M ARRESTING
YOU FOR SHOOTING
AT STOVEUP PETE
NEAR BARREL
ROCK PASS
YESTERDAY!

HUH?



GO ON, YOU HEARD ME,
CINCH RANEY! MARCH!
...INTO THE JAIL!

HAW! CINCH'S GONNA LET
TH' LADY SHERIFF PUT 'IM
IN TH' HOOSEGOW! WOW!

NO DAME WITH A
TIN BADGE'S GONNA
MAKE A MONKEY
OUTA ME!



DROP TH' GUN,
YOU SHE-CAT!

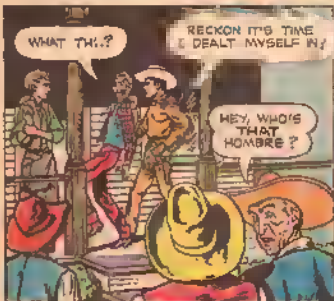
LET GO OF MY
ARM! YOU'RE
HURTING ME!



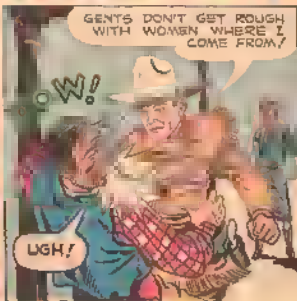
WHAT TH'?

RECKON IT'S TIME
I DEALT MYSELF IN!

HEY, WHO'S
THAT
HOMBRE?



GENTS DON'T GET ROUGH
WITH WOMEN WHERE I
COME FROM!

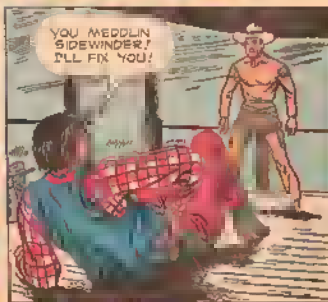


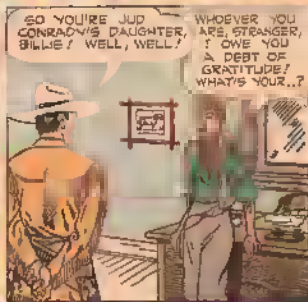
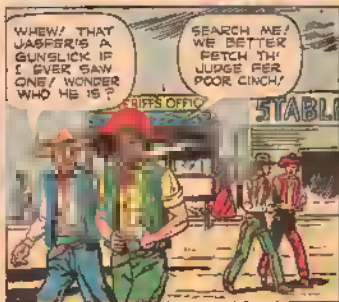
UGH!

YOU BETTER GO
INSIDE, MISS
CONRADY!



YOU MEDDLIN
SIDEWINDER!
I'LL FIX YOU!





HEY, BILLIE, I...HUH?
JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS,
THAT'S TH' GALOOT
WHO FOUND JUD'S BODY!



IS...IS
THAT TRUE?

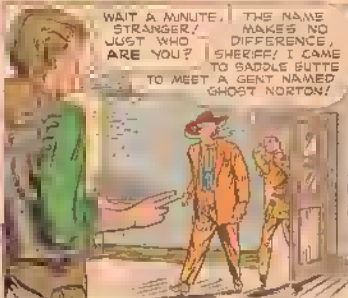


I RECKON IT IS,
MA'AM! I FOLLOWED
THE TRAIL OF HIS
KILLER, BUT I'M
SORRY TO SAY I
LOST IT UP IN
THE HILLS!

HAW, SOME STORY! HE'S
PROBABLY TH' DRY-GULCHER
WHO KILLED YOUR OLD
MAN, SHERIFF!



WAIT A MINUTE. THE NAME
STRANGER! MAKES NO
JUST WHO DIFFERENCE,
ARE YOU? SHERIFF! I CAME
TO SADDLE BUTTE
TO MEET A GENT NAMED
GHOST NORTON!



AH, I'M SORRY, SHERIFF, BUT
AS JUDGE OF THIS TOWN, I
MUST ASK YOU TO RELEASE
CINCH RANEY FOR LACK OF
SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE!



OH, I MIGHT'VE
KNOWN BANTY
NORTON WOULD
HAVE YOU SPRING
HIS TRIGGER-
HAPPY STOOGES!

TOO SAD YOUR
FIRST ARREST
WENT SOUR,
LADY SHERIFF!
HAW!



AH, DID YOU HEAR
THE STRANGER
SAY HE CAME
HERE TO MEET
GHOST NORTON?

YEAH! HE'S EITHER
AN OWLHOOT HIMSELF,
OR A LAWMAN!
IT'S UP TO BANTY
NORTON TO FIND
OUT WHICH, PRONTO!

LATER...

HMM, LOOKS LIKE MY
PLAN TO JOIN THE
NORTON GANG IS
GOIN' TO PAN OUT!

HI, STRANGER! I
HEAR YOU'RE HANGIN'
AROUND T' MEET GHOST
NORTON! I'M HIS
BROTHER!

YEAH, I
KNOW! HE
TOLD ME
ALL ABOUT
YOU UP AT
PRISON!

OH, SO
YOU'RE
AN EX-
CON, TOO,
EH?

MAYBE I AM, MAYBE
I'M NOT! MY BUSINESS
IS WITH YOUR
BROTHER! I'M
NOT HERE TO
ANSWER YOUR
QUESTIONS!

UH, HOW'D YOU
LIKE TO JOIN
US IN A LITTLE
BUSINESS DEAL
TILL MY
BROTHER
ARRIVES?

SUITS ME, IF
YOUR BRAVE
PAL HERE
KEEPS OUT
OF MY WAY!

GOOD! WE GOT A TIP
TH' PAYROLL WAGON'S
HEADED FOR TH' MINES
THIS AFTERNOON!
WE'LL COUNT YOU
IN!

KEEP AN EYE ON YIM,
CINCH! IF HE CONTACTS
TH' LADY SHERIFF,
WE'LL KNOW
WHOSE SIDE
HE'S ON!

LEAVE HIM
TO ME,
BOSS!

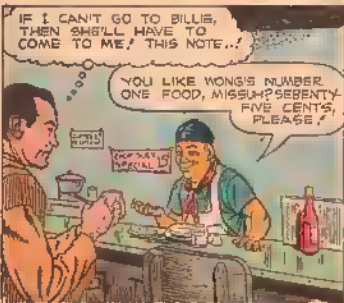
A HOUR LATER...

HMM, CINCH RANEY'S TRAILIN' ME LIKE A SHADOW! I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO SHAKE HIM OR I CAN'T TIP BILLIE OFF ABOUT THE ROBBERY!

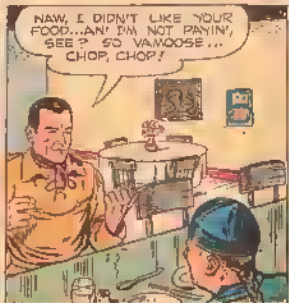


IF I CAN'T GO TO BILLIE, THEN SHE'LL HAVE TO COME TO ME! THIS NOTE...

YOU LIKE WONG'S NUMBER ONE FOOD, MISSUH? SEBENTY-FIVE CENTS, PLEASE.



NAW, I DIDN'T LIKE YOUR FOOD...AN' I'M NOT PAYIN', SEE? SO VAMOOSE... CHOP, CHOP!



OLLO SAME, ME TINKES YOU GOTTA PAY... YOU LIKEE FOOD OR NO LIKEE! CATCHEE SEBENTY-FIVE CENTS, PLEASE!

GO ON, BEAT IT! I'M NOT PAYIN'!



HALP! HE NO PAY FOR NUMBER ONE FOOD MY! HALP!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER, WONG? IS THIS GENT GVIN' YOU TROUBLE? SPEAK ENGLISH!





HELLO, MYSTER RANEY!
THIS GENTLEMAN REFUSES
TO COMPENSATE ME
FOR THE FOOD
I SERVED HIM!

WELL, WELL, SO
YOUR PIDGIN-
ENGLISH IS
JUST FOR THE
TRADE, EH,
WONG?

DON'T WORRY,
WONG, I'LL BE
GLAD T' MAKE
TH' FOURFLUSHER
PAY!



THIS TIME I'VE
GOT TH' DROP!
PAY TH' CHINESE!

OKAY, CINCH, SINCE
YOU'RE ASKIN'
FOR IT...!



I'LL GIVE IT
TO YOU!

HEY!

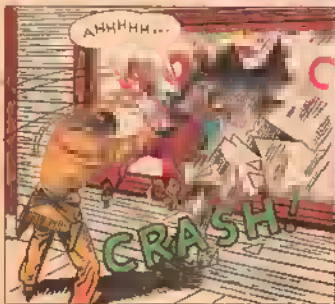
BAM!

CRACK!



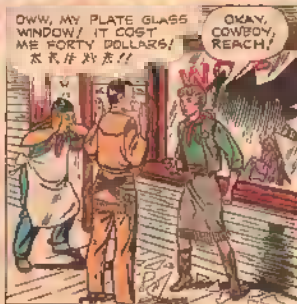
STOP THAT FIGHTING
THIS INSTANT...OR I'LL
RUN YOU BOTH IN!

HA, MY
BAIT
WORKED!



AHHHHH...

CRASH!



OWW, MY PLATE GLASS
WINDOW! IT COST
ME FORTY DOLLARS!
太贵了!!

OKAY,
COWBOY,
REACH!

I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR...HEY

SORRY, MA'AM, BUT IT'S NOT NICE TO POINT... ESPECIALLY WITH A LOADED COLT!

OUCH! LET UP, LADY! TAKE IT EASY!

YOU...YOU COWARD...YOU OUTLAW! GIVE ME BACK MY GUN!

THIS IS A HECK OF A WAY TO SEND A NOTE TO A GAL!

HERE'S YOUR IRON, BUT I TOOK OUT THE SLUGS! YOU MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY SHOOT SOMEBODY!

YOU...YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

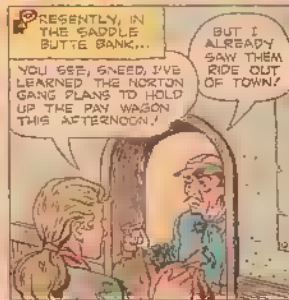
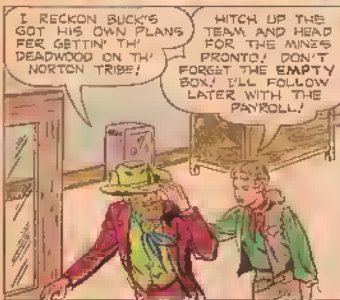
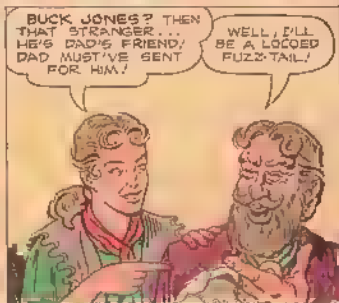
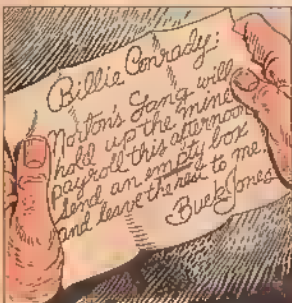
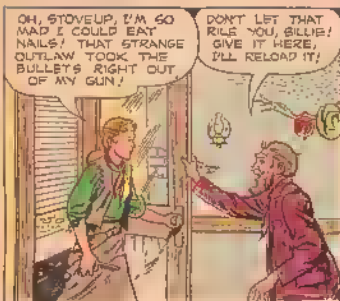
WHAT'S ALL TH' RUCKUS ABOUT?

HE BROKE MY WINDOW!

HERE'S FIFTY DOLLARS! IT WAS WORTH IT... JUST TO TOSS CINCH RANEY THROUGH IT!

BUT THAT MAN'S UNDER ARREST!

AW, SHUT UP! WE PAID FOR TH' DAMAGES! C'MON, BOYS, WE'LL SETTLE THIS AT TH' SALOON!



I KNOW! STOVEUP
PETE'S DRIVING THE
WAGON WITH AN
EMPTY BOX AS A
DECOY! I'LL DELIVER
THE PAYROLL MYSELF!

HMM, PRETTY
SLICK, MISS
SHERIFF!
GOOD LUCK!



CINCH! THERE'S
BEEN A LEAK! TAKE
THE SHORT CUT AND
WARN BANTY NORTON
THAT STOVEUP'S
WAGON'S ONLY
A DECOY!

THE BARRY

WHAT?

BILLIE CONRADY'S
CARRYIN' THE
PAYROLL HERSELF
...ON HORSEBACK!

I'LL BET THAT
STRANGER IN
BUCKSKINS
CROSSED UP
TH' GANG!
WAIT'LL I
TELL BANTY!

I'LL PACK THIS MONEY IN MY
SADDLEBAGS AND HEAD FOR
THE MINES BY ANOTHER ROUTE!

NEVER MIND, I'LL
TAKE THAT MONEY.
YOU ORNERY
CONRADY!

WHAT? SAY,
WHO ARE YOU?

I'M TH' HOMBRE
WHO PLUGGED TH'
OTHER SHERIFF
CONRADY! I'D A
BEEN HERE EARLIER,
ONLY YOUR OLD
MAN WOUNDED
ME, AN' I HAD
TO HOLE UP!

GHOST NORTON!

THAT'S RIGHT...I'M TH' FELLOW YOUR
OLD MAN SENT UP! I WAS ON MY
WAY HOME FROM TH' PEN

WHEN I SAW HIM
SNEAK INTO TH'
BOX-4 LINE
SHACK...!

AND YOU
KILLED
HIM?

C'MON, WE'RE HEADIN' FOR BARREL
ROCK PASS! THE JUDGE JUST TOLD
ME MY BROTHER'S UP THERE! I'LL
FIGURE OUT WHAT T' DO WITH
YOU LATER!

MEANWHILE, ON A RIDGE OVER-
LOOKING BARREL ROCK PASS...

STOVEUP'S PAYROLL
WAGON SHOULD BE
AMBLING ALONG
RIGHT SOON!

HEY, YONDER
COMES CINCH
RANEY!

I TOLD YOU TO
HANG AROUND
TOWN IN CASE
MY BROTHER
BLEW IN!

YEAH...BUT TH'
BANK CASHIER
SAYS BILLIE
CONRAD'S FETCHIN'
TH' PAYROLL...
INSTEAD OF TH'
OLD COOT! SHE
GOT WISE TO TH'
HOLCUP!

WHO TIPPED HER OFF?

I DUNNO, BUT
I GOT A PRETTY
GOOD IDEA IT
WAS THIS
JASPER HERE,
BOSS!

HEY,
THERE'S
TH'
WAGON!

BUT TH'
MONEYBOX'S
EMPTY!
WHAT'LL WE
DO NOW?

SINCE CINCH SUSPECTS
YOU'RE TH' SQUEALER
IN THIS MOB, SUPPOSE
YOU PROVE HE'S PLUMB
WRONG BY BLASTIN'
STOVEUP PATE! SAWVY?

AND DON'T TRY
ANYTHIN' FUNNY,
COWBOY! I'M JUST
HOKIN' TO SETTLE
ACCOUNTS WITH YOU!

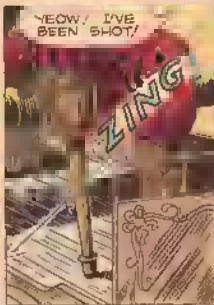
WELL, CINGH, MAKE
SURE YOU HAVE
PLENTY OF HELP
BEFORE YOU TRY
TO SETTLE ANY
ACCOUNTS!



IF I EVER NEEDED
GOOD EYESIGHT, I
SURE NEED IT NOW
... SO SIT STILL,
STOVEUP PETE!



YEOH! I'VE
BEEN SHOT!



GUESS IT'S TIME
FOR THIS REDSKIN
TO BITE TH' DUST!

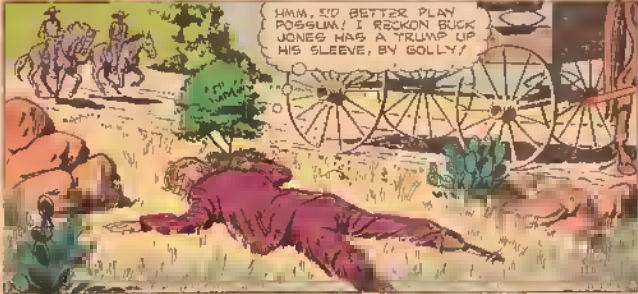


I RECKON I'LL
RIDE DOWN AND
MAKE SURE THE
SKUNK IS DEAD!

YEAH? I'LL MOSEY
ALONG WITH YUH
AN' MAKE SURE
THERE'S NO MISTAKE!

OKAY...WE'LL
STAY HERE AN'
KEEP AN EYE
PEELED FOR TH'
GAL!



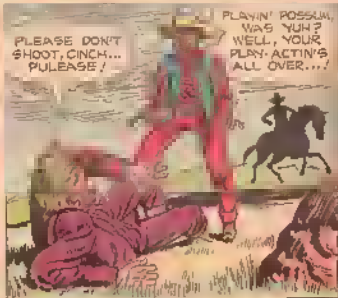


HMM, 'D BETTER PLAY POSSUM! I RECKON BUCK JONES HAS A TRUMP UP HIS SLEEVE, BY GOLLY!



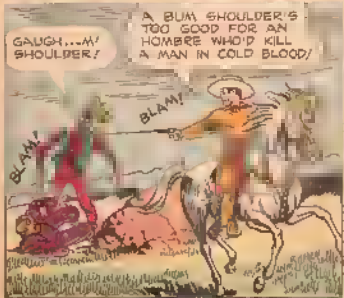
HAW HE AIN'T DEAD YET! I'LL FIX THAT!

OOF!



PLEASE DON'T SHOOT, CINCH... PULEASE!

PLAYIN' POSSUM, WAS YUH? WELL, YOUR PLAY-ACTIN'S ALL OVER...!



BLAM!

GAUGH...M! SHOULDER!

A BUM SHOULDER'S TOO GOOD FOR AN HOMBRE WHO'D KILL A MAN IN COLD BLOOD!



TWO SHOTS? WHAT TH' DEUCE IS GOIN' ON DOWN THERE? C'MON, MEN!

THAT TAP ON THE HEAD
I JUST GAVE CINCH WILL
KEEP HIM QUIET! HERE
COME THE REST OF
THE HOOTERS! GET
IN THE DRIVER'S
SEAT!

WE GOTTA
GET RID OF
'EM, BUCK!
BILLIE'S HEADED
FER TH' MINES
WITH TH' PAYROLL!

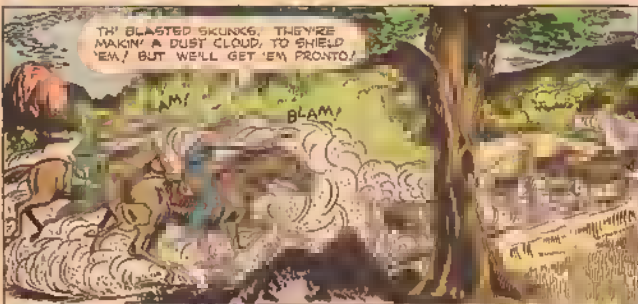


TURN AROUND
AND HEAD FOR
THE PASS,
STOVEUP!

GIDDAP,
YOU LAZY
CRITTERS!



TH' BLASTED SKUNKS, THEY'RE
MAKIN' A DUST CLOUD, TO SHIELD
'EM! BUT WE'LL GET 'EM PRONTO!



STOP THE TEAM,
STOVEUP! THEN
VAMOOSE TO SAFE
GROUND!

UGH! I
CAN'T SEE
OR BREATHE!



HIDE IN THE BUSHES!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



FASTER, MEN!

TH' WAGON'S BLOCKIN'
TH' TRAIL...AHHH!

CRASH!

HELP!

OWW, MY NECK?...HELP
...I'M CHOKIN'...UGH!

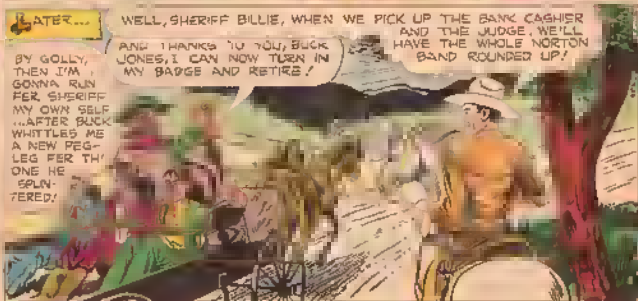
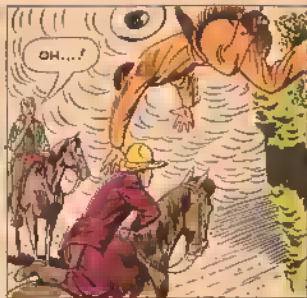
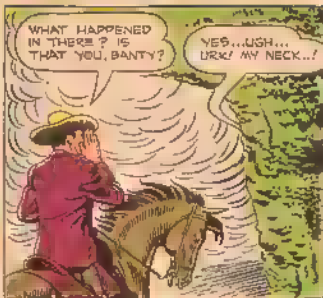
WHY' HAPPENED?
...OMMM!

NOTHIN' LEFT TO DO
IN THERE, STOVEUP!
THE NORTON GANG'S
THE DOGGONEDEST
MEEB YOU EVER
DID GEE!

BUCK, HERE
COMES BILLIE
...AN' ANOTHER
RIDER! LET'S
HIDE!

HEY, WHAT'S GOIN'
ON UP THERE AT
BARKLE ROCK PASS?

OH DEAR! IT
LOOKS LIKE
STOVEUP'S
TEAM



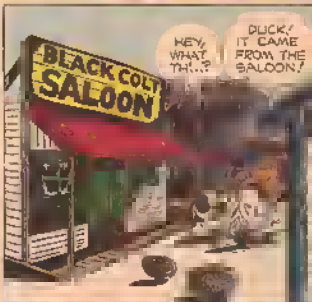
BUCK JONES

and *The*
**TWO-FACED
KILLER**

SAGEBRUSH, THE KILLER'S
TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT
TO THE OLD DESERTED
MINN' TOWN OF MOONSKIN!

DANGED IF I CAN
FIGGER OUT WHY
A ORNERY BUSH-
WHACKER'D COME
TO THIS FORSAKEN
HOLE BUCK!

WELL, I SUPPOSE
THAT AFTER THE
BADLANDS, EVEN A
GHOST CAMP
LOOKS GOOD!



EASY, SAGE! THE
SIDEWINDER'S MIGHTY
DESPERATE BY NOW!

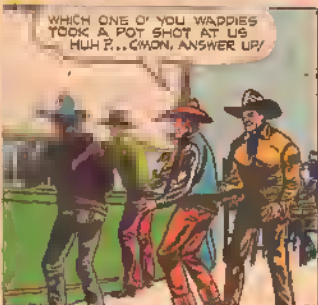
YEAH WE
GOT HIM WITH
HIS BACK
AGAINST TH'
WALL AT LAST!





WELL, I'LL BE COW-KICKED! WHERE'D EVERYBODY COME FROM?

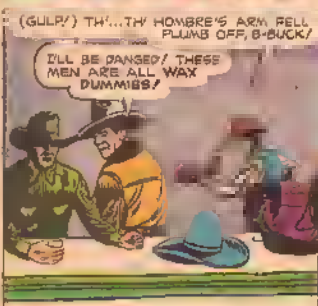
DON'T ANYBODY MOVE! WE GOT YUH ALL COVERED!



WHICH ONE O' YOU WADDIES TOOK A POT SHOT AT US HUH P... C'MON, ANSWER UP!

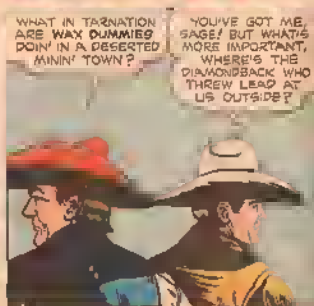


LOOKIT HERE, STRANGER, WHY DON'T YUH... YIFE!



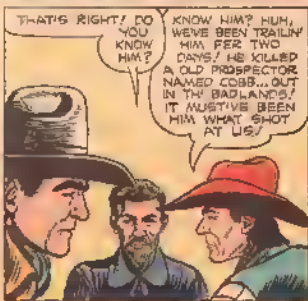
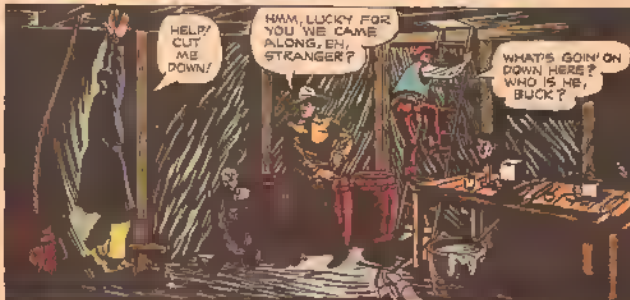
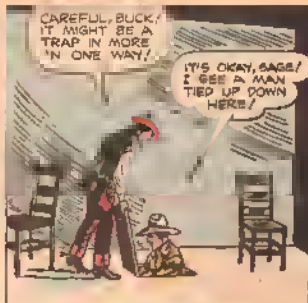
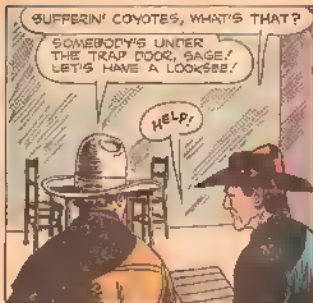
(GULP!) TH'...TH' HOMBRE'S ARM FELL PLUMB OFF, B-BUCK!

I'LL BE DANGED! THESE MEN ARE ALL WAX DUMMIES!



WHAT IN TARNATION ARE WAX DUMMIES DOIN' IN A DESERTED MININ' TOWN?

YOU'VE GOT ME SAGE! BUT WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, WHERE'S THE DIAMONDBACK WHO THREW LEAD AT US OUTSIDE?



I'M BUCK JONES AN' THIS IS MY PARTNER, SAGEBRUSH HOTCHKISS! BUT WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' WITH ALL THE WAX DUMMIES, MISTER?

AN' MY NAME'S ALEC FENWORTH! I'M WORKING ON THE RESTORATION OF MOONSKIN AS A MEMORIAL TO THE DAYS WHEN IT WAS A BOOMING MINE TOWN!

WHAT FOR? WHY TO MAKE AN HISTORICAL MONUMENT, NATURALLY! IN YEARS TO COME, TOURISTS WILL VISIT MOONSKIN AND THRILL TO THE MEMORY OF THE OLD, ROBUST DAYS ... RECREATED BY MY ARTISTRY!



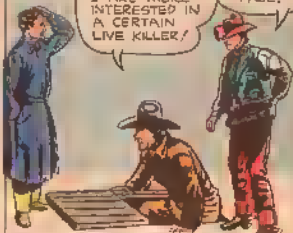
THIS SALOON IS TO BE A MUSEUM! I'M RECREATING, IN WAX, ALL OF THE FAMOUS GUNMEN WHO TERRORIZED THE CAMP IN YEARS GONE BY!

WHAT IN THUNDER FER, FENWORTH?



LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE CUT OUT A BIG JOB FOR YOURSELF, ALEC! BUT SAGE AN' I ARE MORE INTERESTED IN A CERTAIN LIVE KILLER!

YEAH, AN' WE'VE NEVER SEEN HIS ORNERY FACE!



IT'S LIKELY HE HOLED UP IN ONE OF THE DESERTED BUILDING'S HEREABOUTS!

WAL, LET'S START SEARCHIN'! WE'RE TH' ONLY WITNESSES TO TH' MURDER... AN' THEN WE ONLY GOT A LOOK AT TH' POLECAT FROM A DISTANCE!

I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU CAPTURE THE SCOUNDREL! I DON'T FEEL SAFE!

HE MIGHT'VE DUCKED OUT THIS BACK DOOR! BUT IF HE'S HERE IN MOONSKIN, WE'LL SMOKE HIM OUT PRONTO, ALEC!

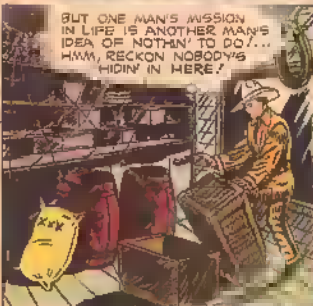


SAGE, YOU SEARCH THE BUILDINGS
ON THAT SIDE OF THE STREET.
FIRE YOUR GUN IF YOU SPOT THE
RAT! I'LL TAKE
THIS SIDE!

I'LL FIRE SURE
ENOUGH...RIGHT
THROUGH HIM!



BUT ONE MAN'S MISSION
IN LIFE IS ANOTHER MAN'S
IDEA OF NOTHIN' TO DO!...
HMM, RECKON NOBODY'S
HIDIN' IN HERE.



I'VE HEARD OF ALEC
FENWORTH OVER IN TETON!
THEY THINK HE'S LOCO FOR
DEVOTIN' HIS LIFE TO MAKIN'
A SHOWPLACE OF THIS
DEAD TOWN...

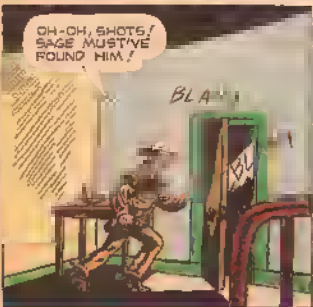


HALF HOUR LATER... WELL, THIS IS
THE LAST
BUILDIN' ON MY SIDE OF THE STREET!
WONDER IF SAGE IS HAVIN' ANY
BETTER LUCK?



OH-OH, SHOTS!
SAGE MUST'VE
FOUND HIM!

BLA



WHAT HAPPENED,
SAGE? WHERE
IS HE?

THAT'S WHAT I
WANT T' KNOW!
WHO'S SHOOTIN'?
HEY, LOOK!



HELP! BUCK JONES
...HURRY...HE'S
GETTING AWAY ON
YOUR HORSE!

WHERE IN THUNDER DID HE
COME FROM?
UPSTAIRS OVER
THE SALOON! I
SAW HIM TAKING
YOUR HORSE! I
THINK I HIT HIM,
THOUGH!

OFFICE

WITH THAT
BLINDERBUGS?
I DOUBT IT!

I'M AFRAID YOU'LL
NEVER OVERTAKE
YOUR FINE HORSE
WITH MY MOTH-
EATEN NAG!

NO, WE MIGHT AS WELL GET A GOOD
NIGHT'S REST! IN THE MORNIN', I'LL
BORROW ALEC'S HORSE
AN' REPORT TO THE
SHERIFF IN NEARBY
TETON!

...AND ME
HERE LIKE A
DAG-NABBED
DUMMY? PHAUGH!

THAT NIGHT, BUCK
AND SAGEBRUSH,
BEDDED DOWN IN
THE HOTEL LOBBY
ACROSS THE STREET
FROM THE SALOON,
AWAKEN SUDDENLY...

CLOP.
CLOPPETY. LOP!

PSST SAGE...SAGE! WAKE UP! I
HEAR HORSES OUTSIDE!

HUH?...
WH-WHAT'S
THAT?

WHY, IT'S SILVER-B AN' YOUR HORSE...
MOSEYIN' DOWN THE STREET!

WITH TH' RED-SHIRTED
HOMBRE WE'RE AFTER!
HEY! LOOKS LIKE
FENWORTH GOT
HIM AFTER ALL!

TH' HOSSES MUSTVE
WANDERED BACK
TO US FROM
TH' BADLANDS
BUCK!

SILVER-B!
WHOA, BOY!

JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!
SOMEBODY SHOT HIM
IN THE FACE!

SHOT NOTHIN'! HIS FACE
MELTED OFF! THE WAX
MELTED FROM THE HOT
DESERT SUN!

WHAT?

WHAT FOOLS WE ARE,
SAGE! FENWORTH PUT
A DUMMY ON SILVER-B,
TIED THE TWO HORSES
TOGETHER AND SCOOTED
'EM OUT OF TOWN!

THEN ALEC'S
TH' OWNER
O' TH' RED
SHIRT AN'
"BLACK
STEYSON

WHICH MEANS ALEC FENWORTH'S OUR
MAN...THE KILLER!
...UH, OH THE
LIGHTS WENT OUT!

RECKON TH'
SCHEMIN' SKUNK
TRUSS'D HISSSELF
UP 'FORE WE ENTERED
HIS WORKSHOP! HE
USED TH' STOOL
TO STAND ON!

ALEC FENWORTH! WHERE ARE YOU?

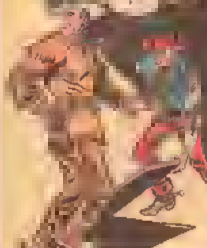
NO ANSWER! TH' COYOTE
MUST BE DOWNSTAIRS IN
HIS BLASTED WORKSHOP!



THEN IT WAS TH' DRATTED
DUMMY-MAKER WHO FIRED
AT US WHEN WE CAME T'
TOWN BUCK.



YES, AND THERE
HE IS! MAKIN'
A BREAK FOR
T



TRYIN' TO REACH THE
HORSES HUH?...NOW
THAT THEY RETURNED
AN' TIPPED YOUR HAND!



OKAY, YOU GOT ME
DEAD TO RIGHTS! SURE
I KILLED COBB! HE
FOUND A NEW STRIKE
THREE MILES FROM
HERE AND WAS ON
HIS WAY TO TETON
TO RECORD IT!



IF THE NEWS EVER GOT OUT,
MOONSKIN WOULD BE OVERRUN
BY GOLD-MAD HOOLIGANS
AGAIN! MY MONUMENT TO
THE PAST WOULD
BE RUINED!



RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, ALEC! INSTEAD
OF WAX DUMMIES, THE TOWN'D BE
FULL OF HUMANS...NONE OF WHO'D
PAY A RED CENT TO SEE A PHONY
GOLD MINE CAMP!

TH' PAST IS
DEAD, ALEC...BUT
SO'S YOUR FUTURE!





(Continued from inside front cover)

By the time the California gold rush, in 1849, had erected a profitable market for his beef, the Longhorn had established the vast Southwest as a cattle empire.

Texans learned that a \$4 steer would bring \$300 on the hoof in the distant gold fields. So the great Longhorn drives were on. Into sun-baked desert, through blizzard-swept mountains, and across raging streams the great herds traveled. And the Longhorn thrived on the trail.

The Civil War caused this great Westward flow of beef to be diverted to the Confederate armies. For a time, a war was fought on Longhorn steak.

At the end of the war, a new and big-

ger market beckoned—the East. Thus, the famous Chisholm Trail came about, stretching from the cattle-clogged wilds of Texas to the rollhead of Abilene, Kansas.

Once at the railroad, prime steers brought \$30 a head. A herd numbering 5000 head was not unusual.

During the peak trail years, from 1866 to 1890, ten million head of Longhorns trailed out of Texas up the Chisholm Trail. In addition, there were other, lesser, trails serving the same purpose.

The Longhorn was now feeding a NATION.

The meat, while tough, was palatable. Soon, however, the East came to demand tender steaks for its diners. Then barbed wire went West.

And so the close breeding of soft Herefords became practical. Thus these two factors: a demand for tender steaks and the advent of the barbed wire fence spelled the swan song of the mean, wild, contumacious, but never to be forgotten, LONGHORN.

